



EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.	
WE ALL (continued).....	By Octave Thonet
UNCLE SAM'S CAVALRY.....	By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.
HOW TO OBSERVE NATURE.....	By John Burroughs
HOW TO HANDLE A SHOTGUN.....	By Maurice Thompson

WE ALL (continued).....

Octave Thonet's Story of Youthful

Life and Adventure in Arkansas.

(Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.)

CHAPTER V.

"THE MEANEST MAN."

HERE was no longer

any stirring of the

joints of conversation.

Both the young

Seytons' tongues

were for running at

once.

They rattled a fusil-

ade of question and

comment on their

father, who between

himself and the boy

was helping to

help Cecil to a new

notion of Arkansas.

He was astounded to discover how

peaceful, honest, free from violence

was the supposed home of carnage

and blood. "I haven't

known a man killed in five years. Twenty

years ago, maybe—oh, well, I'm not

talking about 20 years ago, or during the 'grayback'

times, it's now 'the living present,' as the

poet calls it.

"And honest? I assure, Cecil, Aunt

Valley is the only person in the bottom

who feels bound to look up at night and

she—the colonel checked—'the honest'

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

colonel checked—'the honest'—the

It was good—a fact perceptible in the

speed of the horses.

Soon cabins and farmhouses appeared,

then the schoolhouse and the store; at last

the high bank of the river, and over the

river, across the wooded hills, Cecil could

see the tall columns and carved pediment

of the porch, the spacious white walls and

tiled roof of the big house.

The ferry was waiting for them, a flatboat

on a wire rope, with a grinning negro boat-

man.

Col. Seyton instantly demanded the news

and received Aunt Valley's story with diver-

sations and exclamations and with invari-

ant commendation. He did not know of any

one being killed.

Across the ferry they drove swiftly up the

winding avenue of live oaks, and at the

end of a slender hill, they were met by a

bright, dark-eyed, stout Cecil into her

soft arms and kissed him.

"The dear boy! How glad we are to have

you! How much he looks like his father,"

she said.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TELEGRAM.

Cecil was awakened next morning by a

flood of golden light and the rattle of sticks

on the hearth.

For a moment all he could see was a

plaid back and a woolly head framed by

the flames which Vance was blowing. He

awoke with that dizzy sense of dejection

which comes to any one who has forgotten

a trouble in sleep as soon as his oblivion is

broken.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, "I'm here, and

dad is gone!"

The interest which he had taken yester-

day in the novel surroundings, the queer

excitement which had met him, the pleas-

ure of distributing his gifts, the flattery of

welcome—somehow all had dropped flat.

Yesterday there was a kind of romance

of the old mansion built before the war.

One pictured a rude half-breed magnifi-

cently belonging to those old days, when

every guest was offered his valet and his

horse as he offered his hot water in the

morning nowadays.

Cecil was fond of reading stories of

the olden times, and he had read of a

man who had been a slave, and who had

been a great man of color. He wished that

he had been born in time to follow Richard

the Lion Hearted to Palestine. He wouldn't

have much to hope from him.

Last night there was a faint reminder

of his dreams in the stories which he heard.

The slaves might serve for retainers, and

there were real battles fought within riding

saddles, and when the slaves were killed, a

duel and a ghost and a beautiful distracted

lady with her hair down figured in the

legend. Altogether, Cecil was a good deal

cheered; life was not so bad as he com-

plained. Cecil, what you think we did when

he thought of the old plantation store; he

thought of the old gin plantation. He was

flattered by Alan and Sally's obvious ad-

miration.

"It's not half bad, though everything is

awfully different," thought Master Cecil,

"but this morning—how bare the bir-

room looked! Its careful neatness could

not hide the weather blotches or the odd

wall papers, the sunken bricks of the

fireplace, the clank of the iron door, the

lack of furniture. There were

prints from illustrated papers, tastefully

enough framed in glossy mahogany, with

brass backs, grouped on the wide ex-

panse of wall, the pictures were well chosen

the effect was pretty, but the young crit-

ter could tell at a glance that they were

old and not new; he had brought a

fine Van Elten to Mrs. Seyton and explained

to Sally what a rare picture it was. Fear

Mr. Seyton himself did not know before.

He was aroused by Vance trundling in a

bath tub and depositing a steaming bucket

of water on the carpet, with a cheerful

irresponsibility as to the result on the carpet.

"Possible only to a negro."

"Miss Sally, low ye like have ye?"

Miss Sally, low ye like have ye?"

profitable intimacy with nature. Above

all, don't jump to conclusions; look again

and again; verify your observations. Be

sure the crow is pulling out, and not prob-

ing for crabs before you jump on him. It

is the crow, paroling you, and not the

sparrows, before you declare them your

enemies.

One day saw humming birds apparently

probing the rose yellow cheeks of my friend

Seyton, but I was not surprised till I saw

a bird hovering over a particular peach, and

then mounting upon a ladder I examined

it, when, sure enough, the golden cheek

was full of tiny, tiny, tiny, tiny, tiny

bees. The orioles destroy many of my earliest

pears, but it required much watching to

catch them in the very act. I once saw a

phoebe bird swoop down upon a raspberry

bush and disappear into a hole in the

bush, but I did not therefore jump to the

conclusion that the phoebe was a berry-

eater. What it wanted was the worm in

the berry. How do I know? Because I

saw it extract something from the berry

and fly away.

The belief was at one time all but uni-

versal that swallows passed the winter in

the south, and in the spring they came

from the south. Even Gilbert White

believed it. As no man ever found a swal-

low in such a state and place, how could

he believe it? The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

he could not. The answer is, of course, that

clement, boys; it was a service that kept us

in the mountains or over the broad prairies

from the moment the grass began to sprout

in the early spring until late in the bitter

cold of November. Sometimes we had to

wait for expeditions out in the dead of

winter, when the mercury stood at 30

degrees below, and many a poor fellow,

officer and private alike, had to suffer an-

noyance of feet or fingers that were frozen

too badly to save. On the other hand, in

the Arizona deserts, men died of thirst and

exhaustion, from exposure to the rays of a

blazing sun.

In 1876, when chasing the Sioux after the

terrible battle of Little Bighorn, in which

Custer and so many of the 7th were killed, one

big column got entirely out of rations, and

had to starve. Think of living a week on

horse-meat or nothing at all. You never

saw such a set of scarecrows in all your life

as we fellows were when we rode in to the

Black Hills after Gen. Custer's great cam-

paign, that resulted in the destruction of

the Sioux nation. Indeed more than half

the command came feebly trudging in

after, some towing a worn old skeleton of

a horse behind them, some having no horse

at all, and some, indeed, who were so weak

from lack of food that they were unable to

ride. They had been eaten on the way.

The time was when there existed a pre-

judice against the colored trooper, but the

sentiment got a "setback" in the autumn of

1876, when the colored trooper, in the

autumn of 1876, when the colored trooper,

in the autumn of 1876, when the colored

trooper, in the autumn of 1876, when the

player laid his ace, deuce, trey and five of clubs on the table face upward and said: "Give me that four of clubs." To the astonishment of every one the dealer threw the card in his hand down on the table, and, sure enough, it was the desired four of clubs, making a straight flush, the highest

for the rest of the week.

A "PASTEL IN PROSE."

By Kind Permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers and Many Leagues After Catulle Mendes.

(New York Sun.)

Because of the most bewildering of little bonnets and of bonnet pins like fine stars

It is not because I am a woman with a slender purse that I am in trouble because of the most bewildering of little bonnets. I am a man who makes one silk hat last two years, but because my wife is not constructed upon those lines I am a ruined community.

I shall on Easter day see my wife go beau-

"Little buster among bonnets, did my wife make you?" I asked. "Oh, yes! That is, she had part of me in the house and the milliner furnished the rest." I am a ruined coffee.

"My wife once told me that she would rather learn to make such good coffee that I should want two cups than have the most bewildering of little bonnets.

I found that she wanted to make coffee in

made tea in a silver tea ball! Wherefore I am a ruined community.

I curse the flowers that bloom in the spring, and the dewy cobwebs that glisten in the early morning and all that resembles it, because of the most bewildering of little beauties.

I rain do I read that American women of good taste are the most beautiful things in life when they take the war path in full paint and feathers! I am a ruined community.

This morning I made a big strike in the

EVILS OF OFFICE HUNTING.

Report of Special Committee of the National Civil Service Reform Association.

The report of the special committee to the committee on the subject of the National Civil Service Reform Association.

Service Reform League is an interesting paper. It contains among other things the following:

"It is not an extravagant estimate so say that we shall use one-third of the entire time of congressmen (time which should properly be devoted to their legislative duties) is consumed in the distribution of offices.

"Your committee examined the indexes of the last Congressional Record of both sessions, and found that out of the 17,078 measures introduced, more than 11,000

reported by the committees to which they were referred: that about 1400 were introduced and reported by these committees but never reached final consideration in the respective houses in which they were finally introduced; that something more than 1000 passed the house in which they were introduced but never reached final consideration in the other branch of Congress, while less than 3500 were finally acted upon.

"The experience of the last administration, as well as of the present one up to this

unconstitutional mode of distributing public offices serves only to cripple the members who make the appointments and the political party under which it is done. Members of Congress realize this embarrassment when they order an election or caucus among the members of the party in the residential neighborhoods where post offices are to be filled. The effort in such cases is undoubtedly to cast from themselves the responsibility of making a choice, which is quite sure to engender dissension.

"Such an expedient is not only unjust in

It is manifestly unfair to make an appointment for postmaster in a certain town depend upon the votes of one political party only. These may be an actual minority among the patrons of that office.

The service to be performed is public service, and without reference to the political affiliations of the patrons, and in the choice to be made by the suffrages of those who are interested, it is not just that any should be disfranchised. The result of these elections often adds to the confusion and embarrassment which patronage en-

"An amusing account of an election held in his district was given in an interview with one of the representatives. He said: 'I have held one election only under this administration, and that had most disastrous result. It resulted in several men losing their seats. In fact, one or two were turned out of church, and all was turmoil and confusion. Carriages were hired to bring voters 14 miles distant, and citizens of another State voted. The doors of the polling places were broken in. Democrats were allowed

poils. No oaths were required, and there was no respect for the election.

"The judges certified the election of Cifton man, but sent a statement with the certification that the election was carried by fraud, the same name appearing upon both papers.

"I saw the man who went out with the papers for the postmaster and chose a man who had not voted and took no part in the fight. He moved into town and took the office (worth not more than \$150 per year) but they would have torn the election nominee to pieces if I had recommended

"Another objection to the patronage system is the secrecy by which it is surrounded. Recommendations and petitions which are signed upon solicitation and which mean nothing; charges and counter-charges preferred in the dark; political incidents which are often really exerted in favor of one man while it appears to be exerted in favor of another; intrigues and defamation of character—all these things are only incidents to a system which produces and nourishes them.

congressional patronage has been the distribution of offices in many congressional districts by the defeated candidates. Congress belonging to the party in power. This irresponsible and illegal apportionment of patronage has led to many scandals. In Missouri, there was a scandal in which these distributors of patronage have collected considerable sums of money from the men seeking their recommendations. These "donations or free gifts" (as they have been called by their clients of them) are ostensibly made to

ins' of recommending them, but it is evident that transactions of this character are essentially corrupt."

Then follows an indorsement of the bill relating to the appointment of fourth class postmasters, introduced by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

The names of William D. Foulke, chairman, Charles J. Bonaparte, Richard H. Dana, Sherman S. Rogers are appended to the report.

Beautiful Lawns.

As a man is known by the company he keeps, so the lawn about one's house is now regarded as a true index to the character and social standing of the householder living within its borders. A rusty, uneven faded out lawn is a disgrace to any true American, especially so when for \$2 one can secure enough "English Lawn Fertilizer" to make his lawn become a thing of beauty and a source of perpetual joy. This fertilizer was introduced into this country in 1876, and is now conceded by experts

dressing in the market, and the wise man
 will send to Bradley Fertilizer Company
 27 Kilby street, Boston, for their price-
 circular before purchasing any dressing for
 his lawn or garden.

A Handy Stopper.
 [Harper's Bazar.]
 Mrs. Erastus Jones—Look 'ere, 'Rastus!
 what you gwine to church for wid dat hat
 on? Don't you know you got to han' dat
 hat round 'er take an' 'best it!

Mr. Erastus Jones—You shet up, 'oomar Ireck'n I know my business. When I hain dis hat rolin' I hold my hand right shunder dat hole so I kin kerch de nickels da drop froo. an' keep 'em fum 'sturbin' d congregation by rolin' on de flo'. I b'liev in keepin' things quiet in de meetin'-house an' tain't no place for rolin' money round on de flo'.

Lamar Tells One About Himself.
[Chicago Herald.]

Justice Lamar, who never accepts a bribe or presents of any kind, tells of himself thus: "Down in the locality I call my home lives old John Dillard. Some years ago John presented me with a very fine Alderney cow. I said: 'John, I never receive presents.' 'Well,' he replied, 'Lamar, just take my note, and as you will never pay it anyway, you will be nothing out and a cow ahead.'"

No matter what your occupation is, you can make money in spare moments by getting subscribers to The Weekly Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

